

107
10x0 63/31
1505/92
Past Twelve o'Clock,

OR

BRNG's GHOST,

AN

O D E,

Inscribed to the TRIUMVIRATE; more
particularly his Grace of N*****.

----- *Nequè, enim, lex justior ulla est*
Quam necis artifices, arte perire suâ.

The SECOND EDITION,



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. SCOTT, at the BLACK SWAN, in PATER-NOSTER-ROW,
M.DCC.LVII.

Part Twelve o'Clock

or

RYNG'S GHOST

and

O D E

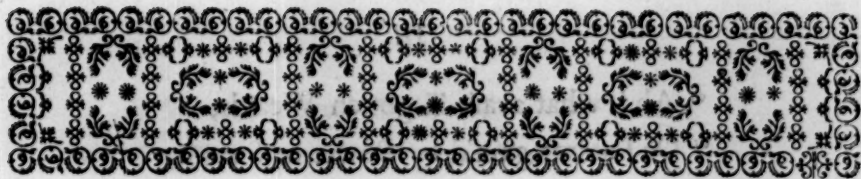
Inscribed to the
particulars his



The second edition

THE SECOND EDITION

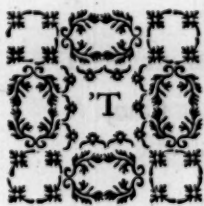




BYNG's GHOST,

AN O D E.

I.



WAS, now, the *witching Time of Night!*
When Church-Yards yawn, and ev'ry Sprite,
Glides forth to purer Air;
St. Paul's with solemn-swinging Roar,
Groan'd out the tedious Midnight Hour,
And hush'd the Sons of Care.

II.

When, sick with Thoughts (tho' not of State)
But such as haunt the GUILTY GREAT,
And watchful Centry keep;
N * * * * * starting from Repose,
Cries, while he snatches up his Cloaths,
That BYNG *has murder'd Sleep.*

III.

III.

" Ah! what avails ill-gotten Wealth,
" Or Patents gain'd by Power or Stealth,
" For Honours yet to come?
" *Balm of hurt Minds, Sore Nature's Bath,*
" In vain, I call! You shun my Path;
" Nay, fly my inmost Room!

IV.

" *Soft, 'twas a Dream!* They nought avail--
" But ah! Who's there, that looks so pale,
" So bloody, and so wan?
" *Why do you shake your Locks at me?*
" *You cannot say 'tis I---*'twas he!
" Oh! think I am but Man.

V.

" Why should you point at me alone?
" From a large Number, I'm but One,
" Leave me, and seek the Rest!
" *Hide me ye Pines! Ye Cedars bide!*
" *Ye Mountains cover me,* he cry'd,
" The Arrow's in my Breast".

VI.

Trembling! yet forc'd, thro' Guilt to yield;
Like the vile Wretch, in *Bosworth* Field,
He cries---*Have Mercy Heaven!*
But Pray'r no kind Relief affords;
For Courtier's Pray'rs are like their Words:
Forgot, as soon as giv'n.

VII.

VII.

At length, o'erwhelm'd with guilty Grief;
 (For Penitence wou'd yield Relief,
 If THAT, He ever knew;)
 He sunk, in silent Horror, down!
 Chang'd ev'ry Question to a Groan,
 The Lamp now burning *blue*.

VIII.

" Too well you know me, says the Sprite!
 " Too well you guess the Hour of Night;
 " For any welcome Form:
 " My Life I have resign'd with Ease,
 " But, mark! My Blood will not appease,
 " Nor *Britain's* Sorrows charm.

IX.

" Think you, while *barrow'd* thus thro' fear,
 " With that ungrateful, treach'rous Peer,
 " Whose Steps my Father led;
 " Think you that human Schemes thus fly,
 " Can blind great Heav'ns all-seeing Eye,
 " By my devoted Head?

X.

" Ah! no,---let one short Summer pass,
 " And Truth shall hold her honest Glafs,
 " While Error hides her Face;
 " Truth then shall fix a giddy Throng,
 " And Justice like an Army strong,
 " Shall heal my foul Disgrace."

XI.

" Think you the Wounds, a Sentence gave,
" Gall'd like the Stabs each pension'd Slave,
 " On my dear Honour prest;
" Proud, as if I in Battle fell,
" I shew my Scars---and heard the Knell
 " Which rung me to my Rest.

XII.

" In this dark Closet, where you lie
" On the bare Ground, and wish to die!
 " You know the Snare you laid;
" Practis'd in Tricks and Arts of State,
" Hapless! I snatcht the glittering Bait,
 " To be a Victim made.

XIII.

" Yes, I'll thus nightly make you swoon,
" *By the pale Glimpses of the Moon:*
 " And shake what Peace remains:
" Not DAMIEN's Stab shall so affright,
" As my dread Figure, night by night,
 " 'Till equal are your Pains.

XIV.

" The Morning Cock, *with lively Din,*
" *Scatters the Rear of Darknes thin;*
 " And warns me to be gone!
" To morrow you shall feel me more;
" Nay tho' you barricade the Door,
 " I'll come before 'tis *One.*

XV.

(7)

XV.

“ For, Oh! to morrow (at this Hour)
“ Others there are of fall’n Pow’r,
“ Who will my Vifit rue;
“ My first will be in *D-----g-Street*;
“ My next, where *three Squares* nearly meet,
“ The last I keep for you.

XVI.

“ Till, then---while I, in Peace, depart!
“ Wake! with those Horrors o’er thy Heart;
“ No Time, or Pomp, can cure!
“ And, while with ribbon’d Slaves you bow,
“ Tell, for their Sakes, why droops your Brow,
“ And I’ll not haunt you more.

XVII.

“ Else! I will, ceaseless, sting your Soul;
“ ’Till you repent, and clear the Whole
“ To a Deluded * * * *;
“ Each Night, in Person, I’ll appear!
“ Each Day, I’ll Thunder in your Ear
“ The Name of MURDER’D BYNG”.

F I N I S.

Just Published,

Two very singular Addressses to the People of *England*, and A Sermon preached at *W----n* in *Gloucestershire*, on the FAST-DAY, from the Words, “ *Ye are bought with a Price.*”

(7)

XV.

" For Oll to morrow (at this hour)
" Others there are of John Povey's
" Who will my / name?
" My first will be in D. --- 2000
" My next, where there 2000 nearly meet,
" The last I keep for you.

XVI.

" Till, then---while I, in Peace, depart!
" Wake! with those who are of thy class,
" No Time, can cure!
" And, while with Slaves you bow
" Tell, for their sake, why do you bow?
" And I'll not name you more.



XVII.

" I will, certainly, sing your song,
" Till you're gone, and then the Whole
" To a Deluded
" Each Night, in Prison, I'll spend!
" Each Day, I'll think in your ear
" The Name of Mordecai's Bond."

P. A. W. 1. 2.

The very same Address to the Friends of Liberty, and A. S. was presented
at the same time on the 1st Day, from the Words " It was
back and forth."

